

MCGILL DAILY CULTURE

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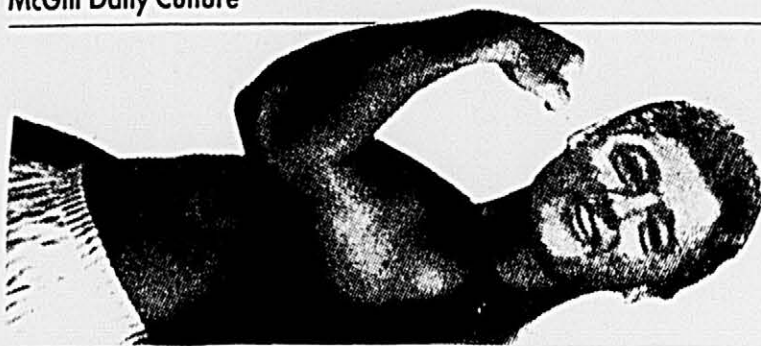
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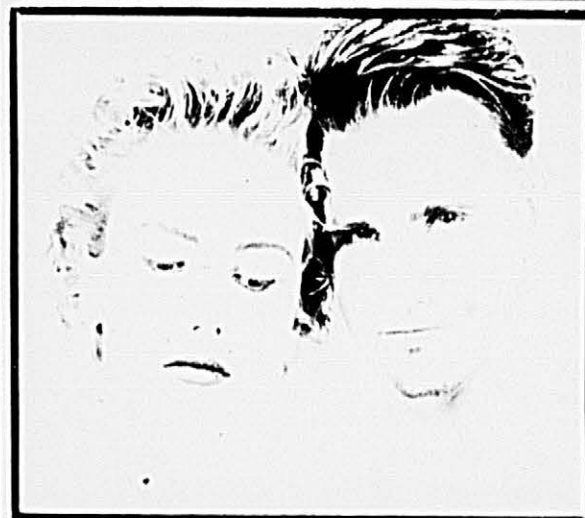
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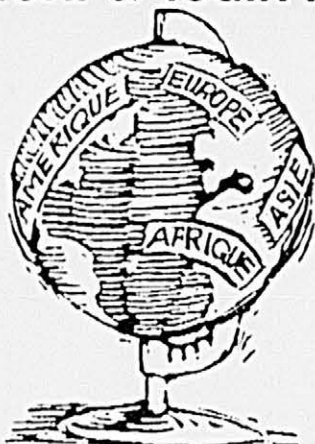
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Art about AIDS stresses empowerment and awareness

But the show doesn't include enough local artists

ART

Art about AIDS • La Musée d'Art Contemporain

BY JO-ANNE PICKEL

MORE THAN JUST A MEDICAL condition, AIDS has opened a Pandora's box of related problems from homophobia, poverty and racism to questions surrounding public health and private morality.

The wide-ranging social implications of AIDS have been examined by activists and artists alike and, in many cases, people living with AIDS have taken to representing their own struggles and breakthroughs.

From *Media to Metaphor: Art about AIDS*, is one of the exhibitions presently being shown at the Musée d'Art Contemporain.

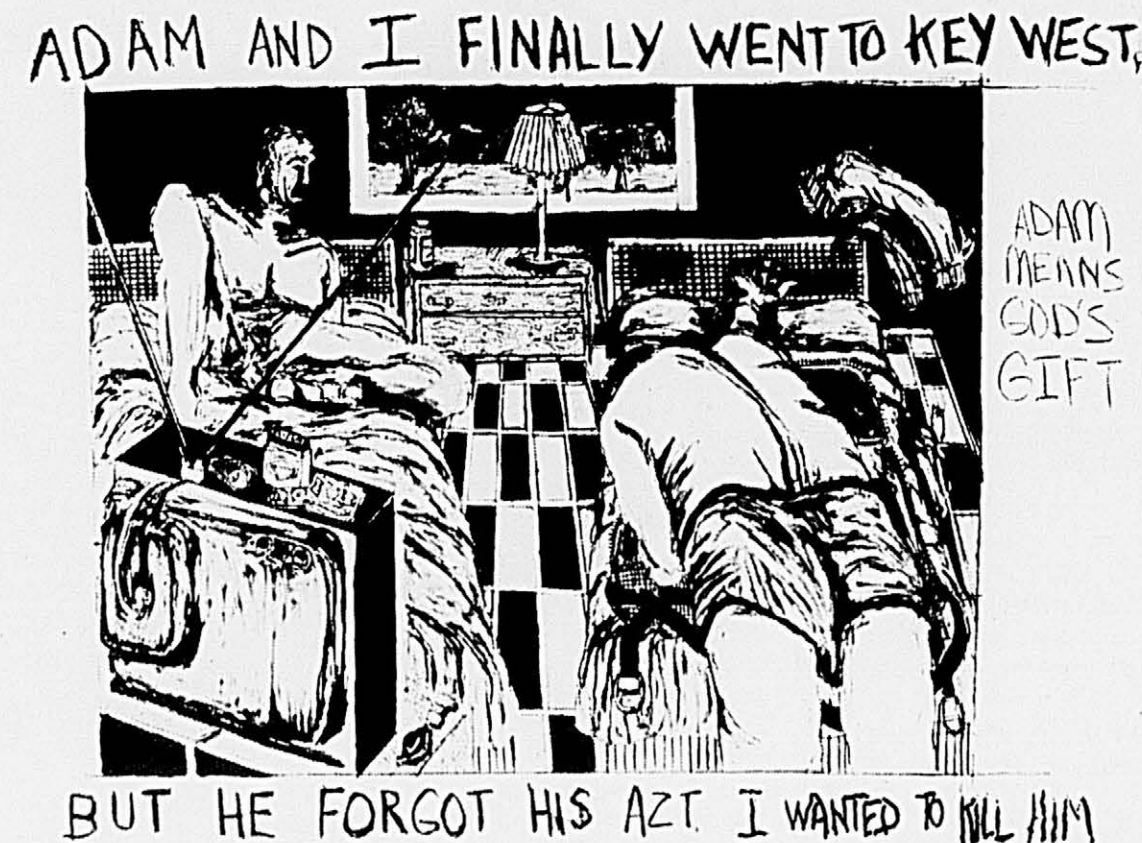
It brings together several works which examine the connections between personal, social and political variables in the AIDS crisis. The exhibition looks at ways in which artists and activists seek to off-set mainstream media representations of AIDS.

It also points to the blurring of the divide between activism and art, as many of the works have been transposed from the street to an art gallery setting.

Don't go into this exhibition expecting to see images of sick and frail "victims" or noisy activists demonstrating in the streets. Although these kinds of images are part of the show, the overriding message is a more subtle one of empowerment and awareness.

The curators of the exhibition have taken on the unenviable task of gathering together a wide range of pieces with different and sometimes contradictory messages. They have included pieces that are undeniably political and direct with pieces that are more reflective and ambiguous.

They have combined works by well-known artists such as Keith



JOHN SAPP, ADAM AND I FINALLY WENT TO KEY WEST, 1989, CHARCOAL ON PAPER, 60 X 84 INCHES

Haring, Robert Mapplethorpe and Gran Fury with pieces by lesser known artists, activists and people with AIDS.

The exhibition includes artists who have been criticized by arch-conservatives and activists alike. Works by Robert Mapplethorpe and David Wojnarowicz have each elicited their share of controversy because of sexually explicit content.

Meanwhile, some activists have attacked photographer Nicholas Nixon for portraying people with AIDS as sick and emaciated rather

than as strong and active individuals.

Some of the most powerful pieces in the show are those which are activist in nature. One such piece is Donald Moffett's "Call the White House" which displays the White House telephone number — (202) 456-1414 — and urges people to "Tell Bush we're not all dead yet". (The same could be done with the House of Parliament and Mulroney.)

Dui Seid's piece "Scum" looks at public responses and associations to the disease by spelling

AIDS out of the first letters of Addict, Inmate, Deviant, Scum. Seid uses IV bags filled with bits of medical waste — syringes, gauze, blood-stained IV tubes and so on — to evoke the not-so-pretty reality of living with AIDS.

No art about AIDS show would be complete without including some of the video work done around the issue. In many instances, activists and artists have taken to video as the preferred medium for bringing home their message about AIDS. The video presentations present a wide range of approaches

to the epidemic from the effect of AIDS on women, to ACT UP style activism, to mourning and loss.

If there is one way in which Art about AIDS falls short of its intended mark, it is in its lack of local content. The main body of the exhibition has been put together by two New York City-based curators and is centered on the American experience with HIV and AIDS. The curators express their hopes that host museums will produce a local component to the show to be used as an organizing tool in host cities.

Only three Montréal artists were included in the show: video-makers Anne Golden and Esther Valiquette, and photographer Mark Leslie. Visitors who do not happen to catch Golden and Valiquette's videos are left with the work of only one local artist. Though Leslie's photographs and their accompanying journal are moving and thought-provoking, the exhibition would have greatly benefitted by the inclusion of more local work.

Visitors to Art about AIDS will come away amazed at the variety of American responses to the epidemic but will likely remain unaware of the scope of the epidemic in Canada, of the equally strong work by local artists and activists and, most importantly, of the pressing need for people here to begin organizing around the issue.

From *Media to Metaphor: Art about AIDS* will be showing at the Musée d'Art Contemporain, 185 Ste-Catherine W., until January 3. Montréal choreographers Massimo Agostinelli and Jose Navas will present a performance dedicated to people with AIDS in the museum's Multimedia room, November 18 to 20.

Hungarian artists mingle with consumer society

ART

Free Worlds • La Musée d'Art Contemporain

BY IDERBIR RIAR

FREE WORLDS: METAPHORS AND Realities in Contemporary Hungarian Art is a telling examination of an art that is both socially conscious and humanistic. The exhibit, at the Musée d'Art Contemporain, introduces the vitality and uniqueness of today's Hungarian visual art.

The exhibition captures a cross-section of young Hungarian artists who matured in the 1970s and '80s and whose political experience allowed them to express their critical concerns about the former Communist regime and the transfer to democratic power.

Many of the works present a focus that extends beyond the parameters of Hungarian politics to the horizon of the Cold War itself.

László Feher's dark and mysterious composition *The Big Traveling* (1990) juxtaposes a tiny white outline of a young boy clutching his suitcase against the backdrop of a huge DC-3. The painting evokes

images of escaping over the Berlin Wall.

The boy's plight at being left behind, at being trapped behind the curtain, is a powerful statement in light of the events of the past few years.

Sandor Pinczehelyi's installation *Under the Star* (1990-91) depicts a young man carrying a red star across his shoulders. Another huge wooden star is superimposed in front of the canvas.

The man must carry the burden of the state and the oppression of the regime on his back. He is very much a martyr-like figure: Forever burdened and shackled, he is forced to tow the party-line or else suffer the consequences.

Cultural history also plays an important factor in many of the works. Imre Bukta's installation *Pig Taking a Shower* (1990) has a metallic pig standing upright on its hind quarters under a shower.

Bukta's canvases also reflect his inspiration from Hungary's agrar-

ian roots. When one begins to realize the ecological devastation made in the name of progress in the former Communist nations, Bukta's work becomes revitalized with import.

The natural conflicts that arise in many of these works are those of the East and the West, of freedom and oppression, of politics and liberation, and of artistic freedom and conformity.

These dichotomies are readily evident in the works of Sandor Pinczehelyi, which juxtapose cultural emblems and universal symbols.

The trademarks of consumer society mingle with one another. By blowing up everyday symbols to huge proportions, like Coca-Cola lettering or the image of Olympia, Pinczehelyi reveals their emptiness.

A new revolution

As the collapse of European communism was symbolically registered on our television sets worldwide, the stranglehold on the Eastern art community slowly evaporated.

Whereas under the communist regimes artists had to either con-

form to the aesthetic purism defined by Moscow, retreat into self-imposed exile or disguise their intellectual and political metaphors the recent upheaval has allowed a blossoming of free expression.

This new revolution, heady in its content and invigorating in its scope, is captured in Gabor Bachman's architectural sculpture *Free World*.

The work is obviously reminiscent of constructivism, and its influence is particularly significant. Constructivism was the style of the revolutionary artists in the early years of the USSR, until Stalin denounced it as "bourgeois formalism" and replaced it with Social Realism.

Bachman's return to constructivist origins is important in defining his revolutionary stance. A reaction against totalitarianism, Bachman says his work "can be positioned within the context of the political and artistic democratic opposition in Hungary. I have chosen this artistic path deliberately. I am not engaged in advancing commercialized Western values, but rather something that is specifically mine and articulates and international idiom of form."

Free World's architectural forms and industrial quality establish its agit-prop stance. A television, mounted inside a steel shaft, shows a video of a "happening" with two artists chanting while beating steel drums.

The television is enclosed within the outline of a star — a symbol reflecting both the former communist state and the untapped possibilities of a real revolution.

Milan Kundera reminds us that while the years after 1945 will be remembered as the bleakest and most tragic in the history of Central Europe, paradoxically, they will also be remembered as the greatest in its cultural history.

The years of oppression have borne an art that speaks of oppression but recognises freedom. As Sandor Pinczehelyi states: "We must pay no attention to whether they accept us reject us: Let us not forget that time is always on the side of art!"

Free Worlds is at the Musée d'art contemporain de Montréal until January 3. The museum is open Tuesday to Sunday, 11h to 18h. Admission is free on Wednesdays from 18h to 21h.

McGILL DAILY CULTURE

comment

For the record...

Though we missed the actual anniversary, a call from a friendly city councillor reminded us that Tuesday last was the 25th anniversary of one of the glowing points in the *Daily's* history.

On 3 November 1967, we reprinted a satirical column from a local 'zine called *The Realist*, purporting to be a series of passages left out of William Manchester's book *The Death of a President* all about everyone's favourite Kennedy.

The column led to denunciations from just about everyone, a sit-in, three arrests, a demonstration of 1000 people, an apology (!) from the *Daily* editors involved and an almost three-month long Senate inquiry which might have expelled three editors from McGill (in the end they were just reprimanded).

So in the spirit of those heady years, we reprint what seems to have been the most offending paragraph, which is still really funny. It's a quote from Jack Kennedy, explaining "for the historical record" a most disturbing experience involving then-U.S. president Lyndon Johnson:

"That man was crouching over the corpse, no longer chuckling but breathing hard and moving his body rhythmically. At first I thought he must be performing some mysterious symbolic rite he'd learned from Mexicans or Indians as a boy. And then I realized — there is only one way to say this — he was literally fucking my husband in the throat. In the bullet wound in the front of his throat. He reached a climax and dismounted. I froze. The next thing I remember, he was being sworn in as the new President."

(Handwritten marginal notes: 1. Check with Rankin — did secret autopsy show semen in throat? 2. Is this simply necrophilia or was LBJ trying to change entry wound into exit wound by enlarging?)

With love,
Dan and Kate

Letters

Politics of denial

To the Daily:

re: Ian Hay's response to bell hooks
Ian Hay is engaged in what is called "the politics of denial". He claims focusing on "interlocking systems of domination that are race, class and gender-based" does nothing to explain problems like black poverty and the tensions sparking the L.A. riots.

Critiquing racist-classist-sexist oppression and the powerholders who perpetuate it (rich white men, for your info), Hay believes, doesn't "even explain the real problems" (of which he provides no description).

(I happen to think men like Hay who continue to whine "Don't blame me", who continue profiting from the wrongs of the past and who fail to work in solidarity with Blacks or for a better future, are part of the problem. But I'm another crazy, right?)

Hay insists on ignoring the history of race and class relations in North America. He wonders how imperialism has "somehow become domestic".

Doesn't he know we live on colonized land which Europe stole from First Nations people? And that Blacks criticize capitalism because it profited from 400 years of free labour our ancestors were forced to give?

"Successful" Blacks are exceptions to the rule; the majority of us remain disenfranchised.

Hay's ludicrous apologism blames Blacks' woes on "racial and anti-social-advancement attitudes within the black underclass". In other words: poor Blacks are oppressing poor Blacks!

bell hooks said "Racism is about domination". Racism is *prejudice plus power*.

So yes, whites do have a monopoly on racism. Slavery, Apartheid, segregation, the Indian Act, the "Final Solution" were all masterminded by white men.

This is NOT about guilt or blame but truth and justice. If struggling against the sickness of white supremacy is clocked in "geological time", Mr. Hay, then hold on to your hat 'cause we'll fight for freedom 'til hell freezes over.

Kiké Roach
Arts U3

Dangerous view of rape

To the Daily:

re: "The Lover captures erotic innocence" (November 5)

The Lover captures nothing but typical male stereotypes of female sexuality and rape. To my mind, sexual



DAILY PHOTO BY THOMAS WHITE

doublestandards and rape are not erotic, romance is defined by intimacy, not by penile penetration, and the 'classical' love story does not include the prostitution of one partner and racism against the other.

Scenes including the female character focus on the way her breasts and buttocks bounce when she is clothed and on her fully or partially nude body during and after the sex scenes. This blatant use of the sexual double standard allows the director to ignore the point of the story; that of a young woman's coming of age.

By focusing on her body, Annaud ignored the full female sexual experience — the character's exploration of the



lover's penis, the fascination she would have had for the way his body moves, the way it looks in certain lights. This underlines the view that female sexuality can only be explored as far as it pertains to the woman's body.

The typical male stereotype of rape is that it doesn't happen. This is captured expertly in the rape scene in *The Lover*. Violence is omnipresent; the slap to the female character's face, the stark lighting, the pain on her face, the anger on his, and the brevity of the whole encounter.

Most importantly, we weren't subjected to the shots of his hips thrusting into hers. The message is

obvious: rape is acceptable because we didn't see sex happen. It is also acceptable because she had sex with him before, and she was paid for the encounter.

This is a dangerous way to see rape, and obviously the view that makes it impossible for wives, lovers and prostitutes to prosecute rapists in court. If *The Lover* represents love and sex, I don't want any of it.

Jennifer Haack
English U2

Rehabilitating sodomites

To the Daily:

I was shocked by many of the facts that appeared in Dan Robins's November 9 article on American legal opinion regarding homosexual practices. Most prominent was the first, that the Idaho supreme court ruled that one could be imprisoned for life if convicted for anal or oral sex. It seems to me that prison is the wrong place to rehabilitate sodomites.

Avila Jones
History

Tutoring small sections

To the Daily:

I was surprised to learn in the *Daily* that the Faculty of Music pays its TAs nothing. Fiona McCaw in "Teaching assistants closer to unionizing" couldn't be more wrong. The Faculty of Music has one of the most generous plans for part-time teachers and graduate

teaching assistants on campus and had she bothered to do her homework would have learned that the Faculty of Music has 16 categories of teaching ranging from \$4500 per term for large classes to \$512 per term for tutoring small sections of keyboard proficiency students.

I must also state that the editors of the *Daily* should watch very carefully for statements about university money and policy to avoid such misleading statements in future.

Bruce Pennycok
Director of Graduate Studies,
Faculty of Music

Ed. note: Much apologies for the error. Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa...

Sabotaged efforts

To the Daily:

And especially to the copy editors, if any: Glen Harris's article in your November 9 issue contained much insight and information on the tragedy on Parc Avenue. However, it was seriously marred by the appearance of seventeen errors in spelling, grammar and punctuation, ranging from the omission of an apostrophe to the repeated substitution of Richardson for Richmond. You should take care not to sabotage your finest efforts through carelessness.

Michael Thomas
U1 Physics

We have letters from Rahul Varma & Ken McDonough and Rima Bannerji which are over our 300-word limit. Come to the office (Onion B-03) and chop away!

All readers are welcome to submit letters under 300 words. Add your name, program, year and telephone number. Anonymity can be provided; talk to an editor beforehand. Opinions can be expressed in the form of a Hyde Park, no more than 500 words.



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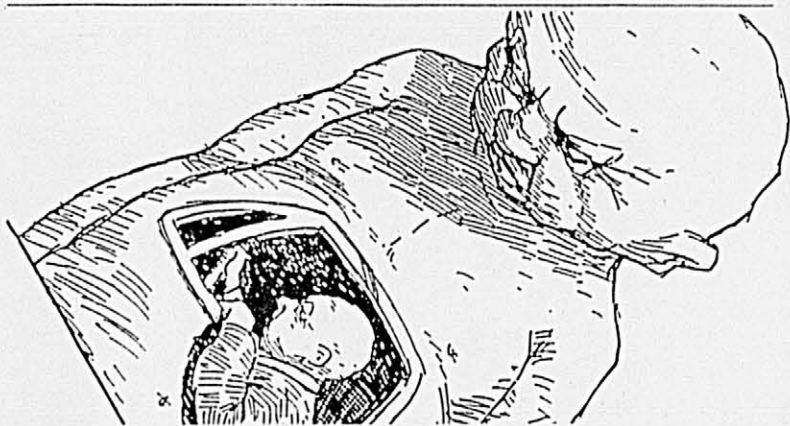
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An interview with Bill Plympton, director of *The Tune*

BY GLEN HARRIS AND DOUG McDONALD



BILL PLYMPTON'S FIRST FEATURE film, *The Tune*, is a classic "boy-meets-girl" American musical...sort of. It is a post-modern, post-hallucinogenic animated film. *The Daily* spoke to Mr. Plympton at the World Film Festival.

Why the plurality of styles?

That was the point of this whole film. It was basically one big experiment; first of all to see if I could make a feature film, which is pretty outrageous. But also just to try different styles and techniques and to see which ones worked.

These are styles I've always liked, that I always thought would be fun to try. Especially the "No Nose Blues". That's a very sort of crude, heavy handed, almost primitive kind of look. And I really wanted to try that. It was actually really successful.

Then there's Didi's outline sequence. I've always loved drawings and illustrations I've seen that have been just basically outlines like a colouring book. I had wanted to try that in animation just to see how it would look animated with the images kinda moving all the time, like you're trapped in some kind of technical how-to book.

A couple of people said "why didn't you colour it in, why didn't you finish it?" And I just thought that it was finished, I liked it the way it was.

That approach worked really well in the musical format.

Definitely. It was patterned after *Yellow Submarine*, which I think is a wonderful film. I wanted to use American roots music — delta blues, rockabilly, country-western, all that jazz sort of stuff, 'cause I'd never seen a country-western animation before, or even a delta blues animation, or a surfing animation. And I wanted to see what it would be like to do some crazy animation to a full-blown Tammy Wynette country-western song. I just thought that it'd be fun to do, and it was, I really enjoyed it.

Were you consciously making a post modern film?

No. It's no different than the story of *Yellow Submarine*, it's an animated road movie which has no real plot to it.

This film and *Yellow Submarine* are both strong hallucinogenic films.

Thank you. I've done a few hits of acid.

You realize that you can never become a supreme court judge now that you've said that?

My political career is over!

Did you use your hallucinogenic experiences to create this film?

Not really. I haven't done it for a while. I must say, though, that when I did it back in the sixties and seventies it was very liberating. It did open my imagination up, and I still use that now. I think animation and hallucinogenics are really perfect for each other. The total freedom that you get with animation to become as surreal or bizarre or grotesque as you want is like a drug trip.

How did you get into animation?

I'd wanted to be an animator ever since I was three or four years old when I first saw Disney stuff on TV. I always thought 'that's amazing, that's really magical.' I really loved Daffy Duck, and I think that kind of humour really inspired me to do animation.

I was always drawing on paper and I would often run out of it. My mom would come home from the market, from the butcher shop, and she would have hamburger wrapped in butcher paper. So she always gave me tons of butcher paper, and I loved to draw on that. But there were always blood stains on it, so I'd include that in the drawings, you know, making all these guts scenes, war scenes or something like that. Maybe that was my influence.

Bill Plympton's shorts may be seen on the television program *The Edge*.

The Tune is skillfully executed but self-indulgent

F I L M

The Tune • directed by Bill Plympton • October Films

BY LILY LOUIE AND ALISON MACALPINE

ATOWN CALLED FLOOBY NOOBY. A hot dog and bun meeting in a field of daisies. The Grim Reaper practicing golf with his scythe. . . Yes, all this and more are in Bill Plympton's feature length animated film "The Tune" which opens Friday at the Cinéma de Paris.

"The Tune" tells the story of a songwriter named Del at a loss for inspiration and faced with a 47 minute deadline from his heartless boss at MegaHits Inc. On his way to the meeting, Del gets lost and finds himself with the Mayor of Flooby Nooby, a used-car salesman type who introduces him to a very musical and very surrealistic small town.

In the town, he encounters, among others, a Zen "wise man" known as Gus who spouts incomprehensible platitudes about finding inner peace. He also spouts various animated figures from his eyes, nose, and mouth, suggesting that he himself has not really found it.

Confused, if not entirely enlightened by his visit, Del returns to the similarly bizarre world which passes for the "real world" in the film. When he finally makes it to his meeting with Mr. Mega, Del finds commercial success and love, the latter in the form of the tired boss' secretary Didi who files musical notes: B-flat, C-sharp, etc.

The film manages to satirize pretty much everything from advertising and the music industry to our boring attachment to proper "perspective" in art. "Perspective," pro- nounces the Mayor of Flooby Nooby, "is a myth," as the characters walk into a distance of increasingly larger trees.

Plympton makes adept and creative use of his medium.

His animation explores different points of view with unusual camera angles and motion, sometimes circling around characters to give the film a definite 3-D feel. There is a graceful fluidity his handling of physical transformations. It is hard to tell this was a very low budget production.

The soundtrack, composed by Maureen McElheron, spans a whole range of styles from a Latin tango to an Elvis impersonation and add a nice dimension to "The Tune".

The major flaw in the film is at a structural level. The themes in the film are presented in a very simplistic manner, and one is left feeling Del's inspirational journey is secondary to



Bill Plympton

Plympton's desire to explore new animation styles and techniques.

This filmmaker's self-indulgence makes the film feel fragmented, as if the plot is a flimsy framework on which to hang a number of - very skillfully executed - short films.

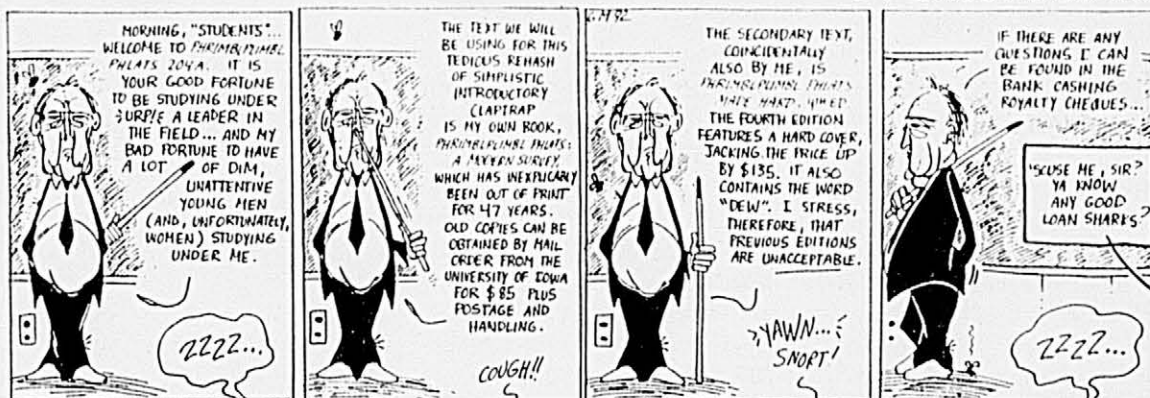
It is Plympton's irreverence which is the most delightful thing to watch in "The Tune" - an irreverence which prompted Matt Groening, the creator of "The Simpsons", to say "the thing I like about Bill Plympton's work is I know it would make Bart Simpson laugh his ass off."

"The Tune" is playing at the Cinéma de Paris (corner Ste. Catherine and McGill College) between November 13 and 21.

WORDS & PICTURES

CRAMPUS

BY GREG MILLARD



POWER TRIP

BY JANE TREMBLAY



John Bottomley: capturing the creative moment

MUSIC

John Bottomley • Songs with the Ornamental Hermits • BMG, 1992

BY CATRIONA RICHARDSON

THE atmosphere was pretty much the same as it is any other lunch hour at the Alley. Only wandering between tables, acoustic guitar in hand, was Canadian singer/songwriter John Bottomley.

Accompanying Bottomley was guitarist John Lewis, who also appears on Bottomley's new album, *Songs with the Ornamental Hermits*.

The performance is best described by Bottomley as part of an

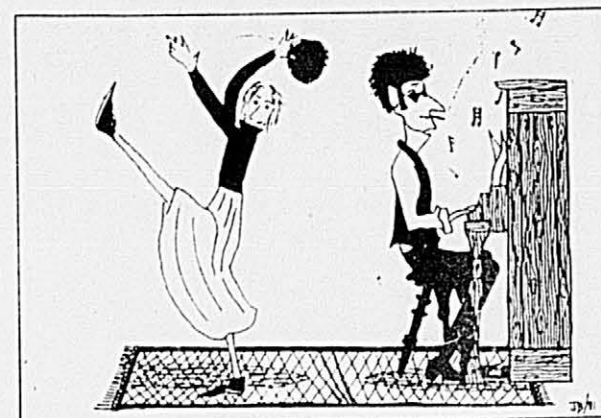
"unplugged acoustic tour", the purpose being to give the audience "a feeling for where the music is coming from."

Bottomley has been involved seriously with music for seventeen years. Although *Songs with the Ornamental Hermits* is his fourth album, it is only his second solo recording. He said what sets this album apart is its highly focused lyrics. He said he tried use his songwriting "as a means to communicate".

Bottomley said "life" was his greatest inspiration. He then went on to talk of the significant role books and authors have played in his songwriting.

A storytelling or fable quality is definitely present in his music, with medieval and mystic influences making themselves especially apparent in such songs as "Dance of The Dryad", "Paper Sails" and Bottomley's latest hit single, "Bell Tower Radio".

Bottomley, now a resident of Vancouver, also mentioned the inspiration he got from his travels, and



A Glimpse Of
"Songs With
The Ornamental
Hermits"

said that it is "always the environment of a place that develops something."

As far as other songwriters, Bottomley favorites include Dylan, Lennon, Cash and Diddy. "There are a lot of really good songwriters out there," he said. "I'm going to have to write them all down!"

Bottomley also talks of starting up a postcard business with some of his illustrations that are also displayed on his album covers. When asked if these drawings were done specifically in relation to the songs,

Bottomley said, "I just like to draw as much as I can."

As with any artist, poet and musician, Bottomley has concerned himself with capturing the creative moment. "There are certain time periods in your life when things make sense," he said.

The year ahead looks a busy one for Bottomley, after the completion of this low-key tour, he is taking his band on a full scale tour of some of the more major city clubs across the country, stopping again here in Montréal near the end of January.

THICK PICKS

BY MO AL-NUAIMY

Galliano In Pursuit of the 13th Note / A Joyfull Noise Unto The Creator (Talking Loud / Polygram)

A new record label sprung into existence two years ago in the UK, setting loose an innovative sound called Acid Jazz. Among the first bands to be signed to the label was Galliano, rapified dub poetry set to light jazz/reggae tunes. True to form in cultural backwaters like the great white north, what is soon to become hip here, is already passé where it came from.

In Pursuit of The 13th Note is a collection of 13 poems set to music. There is a strong political undercurrent to the album that manages to make it's point without classic in-your-face overstatement. It's light, refreshing and has a good sense of humor.

Their second album, *A Joyfull Noise Unto The Creator*, accomplished the same thing for the club scene. The sound is dancier, with strong hip-hop and funk grooves. Very aptly named.

Brothers And Systems Transcontinental Weekend (Netwerk)

What happens when Soul, Rap, Bossa Nova, House and Hip-Hop get digitised? The answer is "not much, but it sounds alright."

Tight sampling and some wonderful singing make this record at least initially enticing. What kills it is lack of vision and monotony. What this album lacks is the sense of discovery that comes with every new listen.

A few memorable hooks and some nifty beat switches from an honest-to-goodness drummer would make this an excellent album. Right now it's merely good, and then only for a few spins.

Karen Young (Ursh)

The better half of the brilliant Quebec Jazz duo Young and Donato went her own way last year. To many it looked like

she was dumping Michel Donato for a soaring career with a real band.

Michel Donato showed us how wrong we were by releasing a Jazz album 'Basse Contre Basse' this summer with Uzeb bassist and long-time partner Alan Caron.

On the other hand Karen Young has tried mixing her tried and true folk and classical roots with her jazz training and a mix of afro-latino world rhythms. The result is a rather confused offering with a few gems but not worth spending big bucks for.

Young sounds like she is trying very hard to reach across cultural boundaries. Her bilingual singing is both dramatic and touching. Unfortunately the album falls apart at the lyrics. Clichés wage an ongoing battle with truisms in a collection of songs that sound like they were cut and pasted from a year's subscription to *Cosmopolitan*. Being functionally unilingual I loved the french songs.

Consolidated Play More Music (Netwerk)

By far the most enlightened collective to emerge from the post-industrial quagmire, Consolidated is dangerously close to outdoing itself this time.

The anarcho-activist rap is as powerful as ever as they focus their outraged satire on pro-rights issues concerning women, minorities, lesbians, gays and animals. This colourful industrial grab bag is interspersed with clips from open mike sessions from their recent tours.

The voice clips range from the enlightened to the incredibly dense. The album opens with a self-righteous American telling the band that if they didn't like facism they should get out of both the country and the genre, as 'industrial music is facism'. Time to burn my collection - I don't think so. More like time to pick up this disc and "move beyond the ignorance."



Stuff & things from CKUT

CKUT's chart is based on airplay received.



ARTIST	ALBUM	LABEL
Consolidated	Play More Music	Netwerk/EMI
Jesus Lizard	Liar	Touch & Go
Babes in Toyland	Fontanelle	WEA
Nine Inch Nails	Broken	WEA
Skatenigs	Stupid People Shouldn't Breed	Megaforce
Furnace Face	Just Buy It	One Handed Records/Cargo
Gruntruck	Push	Roadrunner/Relativity
Chumbawumba	Shhh	Agit Prop
N.O.M.A.	Climbing the Waltz	Contextural/MAPL
Bad Livers	Delusions of Banjer	Touch & Go
Fudge Tunnel	Teeth	Earache/Relativity
Eric's Trip	7"	Disques Nim
Ministry	Psalm 69	WEA
Sucking Chest Wound	God Family Country	DOVe
VRP	Vacances Prolongees	Phillips
Beat Happening	You Turn Me On	K/Subpop/Cargo
various	Kill Rock Stars	Kill Rock Stars/Cargo
Moodswings	Moodfood By...	Arista/BMG
Sugar Shack	Charmer	Cargo
Pitchshifter	Submit	Earache/Relativity
Skrew	Burning in Water, Drowning in Flame	Metal Blade/WEA
HP Zinker	Perseverance	Thrill Jockey/Caroline
Son House	Father of the Delta Blues	Sony
Sugar	Copper Blue	Ryko
Sloan	Peppermint EP	Murder/Cargo
Prince and the NPG	Prince and the NPG	WEA
Utah Saints	Something Good	London
Controlled Bleeding	Penetration	Third Mind/Cargo
various	Bittersweet Canadian	Word of mouth
Come	Brand New Vein (10")	Placebo
Fear Factory	Soul of a New Machine	Roadrunner
Brian Eno	Nerve Net	WEA
Jerry Snell	Life in the Suicide Riots	Dame
Daisy Chainsaw	Love Sick Pleasure EP	A & M
Perfume Tree	Dust	Zulu

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CKUT's broadcasts of live radio art performances continue this week. Tune in at 20h00 tonight, Friday at 14h00, Saturday at 21h00 and Sunday at 22h00 or drop by the Galerie Article at 15 Mont Royal West #105 to hear Martin Tétreault, Michel Smith, Woyan Suweca and others. Local Django Reinhardt enthusiasts Swing Dynamique will be performing live in our studios on the B Train, Sunday between 11h00 and 13h00. To find out about the rest of our programming, pick up our program guide, Statik, at our office in Suite B15 of the Shatner building.

U2 plays Foufounes — but I still haven't found what I'm looking for

MUSIC

U2 • *Negativland* • SST Records, 1991

BY ZACK TAYLOR

TAKE A PINCH OF JELLO BIAFRA, A teaspoon of CNN and whisk with a couple of eggs into a bowl of Karen Finlay and you end up with the brain-teasing aural assault that is *Negativland*. Referred to in the media as a "rock band," these gentlemen are perhaps better classified as audio performance artists, a fact underlined by their remarkable performance at Foufounes on Friday.

Hailing from the San Francisco suburb Concord (the negative land), members Mark Hosler, David Wills, Don Joyce and Chris Gregg got together out of high school with the idea of commenting on the deterioration of the media and society through manipulating sound.

Over ten or so years of albums, videos and bizarre performances, they have explored their ideas about the media and society through a number of mocking (or perhaps mawkish) vehicles.

Their liner notes feature jargon-filled essays by a fictional media pundit named Crosley Bendix. A campus radio programme they produce in San Francisco takes the format of a call-in advice show hosted by a fundamentalist preacher named Pastor Dick.

In 1988, they created a media circus by linking themselves to the violent family murder-suicide by a midwest teenage metalhead. That experiment in media manipulation got them on nationwide television and an article in the New York Times.

The self-styled "idea band" is now turning their energies to politics and the celebrity cult that surrounds politicians and pop musicians. Their new EP, *U2*, contains two versions of a certain Irish band's rock anthem *I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For*.

Delicately splicing and overlaying portions of the original song with samples of Casey Kasem swearing and complaining about a dedication he had to give about a dog named Snuggles results in a bitingly funny and yet apt swipe at American pop culture.

Fighting for anticopyright

Unfortunately this experiment did not pass unnoticed by the people at U2's label, Island Records which is in the process of suing the band. All copies of the album were pulled from stores and radio stations only two weeks after its release.

Negativland used its North American tour, which wrapped up here in Montréal Friday, as an anticopyright statement.

Although not exciting on stage — they seemed to disappear sometimes behind their racks of electronic equipment — they built a complex soundscape that moved from one idea to another so quickly and smoothly that it was like being beaten to death by a copy of

Finnegan's Wake.

The song "Time Zones" is a bizarre revelation of the ignorance of the average American about the Soviet Union. It is set to a strange warping of documentary footage about the U2 reconnaissance airplane accompanied by silly computer graphics on the TV screen. The sampled soundbites cut like knives: "Shop as usual," chirped a man's voice, "that's America for you."

You Too - Cleaning the carpet of America

Dropped into this was their version of *I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For*, by that certain unnamed Irish rock band. The song slowed to a funeral march as two of the band members hummed the melody. Absent band member David Wills appeared on the TV with his own words of wisdom. Videoclips of a contorted Bono waving a cross paired with carefully mutilated slides of Norman Rockwell paintings were projected above the stage.

"I have kissed honey lips and felt the healing in her finger tips. Yes I have! And while I was kissing all of those honey lips it burned me like fire — like cheap burning plastic! You know I believe in kingdom

come. And all those colours they bleed into one and make a big brown round mess on the floor. Where's the Bissell deep-clean when you need it? I just can't find it. What I'm looking for, that is."

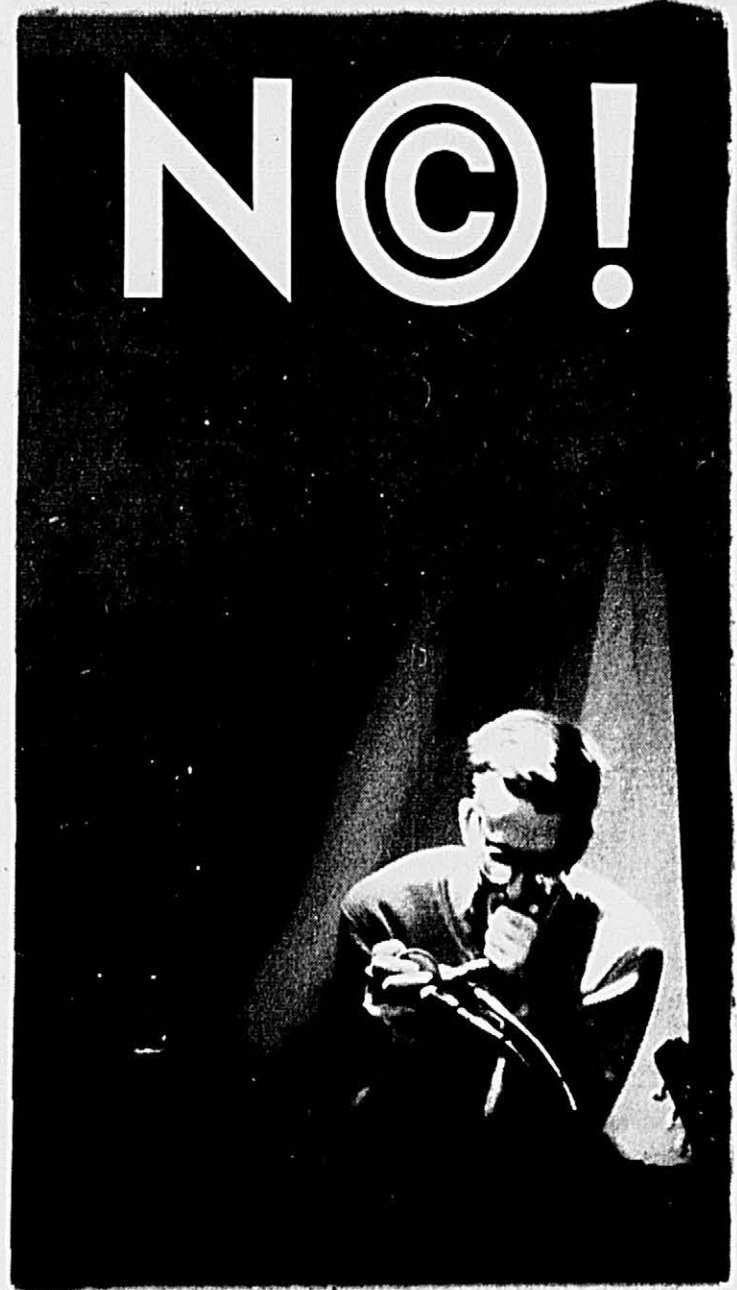
Their images, both audio and visual, brought together all their ideas about free exchange of information, the inanity of contemporary culture, and the media-promoted closed-mindedness of the artificial small-town America that exists in cookie-cut suburbs.

Culminating with Casey Kasem screaming about the dead dog Snuggles and shouting "this band's from England and who gives a fuck anyway!", *Negativland* finished the parody by unfurling a massive banner that said NO in block letters, the O being a copyright symbol.

At the end, they made plea that if any representatives of Island Records were present they could, well, go to Hell.

It may sound like these guys are just super-serious pretenders to the throne of other media junkies like the Dead Kennedys, but they are neither pretentious nor obscure. They take the rubble of pop culture and create a rich and funny fusion that at times cuts to the core of the American media monolith. Shop as usual.

Negativland's newer albums can be found at alternative record stores everywhere but their older offerings can only be got direct from Seeland Records, 1920 Monument Blvd., MF-1, Concord, CA, USA, 94520.



Negativland member Mark Hosler making wierd distorting noises with a toy horn

DAILY PHOTO BY TONY REVOY

Simple Men is another film about men



Robert Burke and Mary McKenzie smooching in front of a security guard

FILM

Simple Men • Directed by Hal Hartley • FineLine Features, 1992

BY DOUG McDONALD

OPENING AT THE RIALTO THIS WEEK IS the latest offering by that shining star of American independent cinema, Hal Hartley.

Hartley established himself as an original and inventive film director with 1989's *The Unbelievable Truth* and his 1991 *Trust*. Now comes *Simple Men*, a Hartley tale about two brothers searching for meaning against the backdrop of an American middle-class vacuum. The film is about men. No guff.

There is an older and a younger brother. The older is a criminal, who's been doubled-crossed by his gang and his girlfriend — he's on the run.

The younger is a philosopher and college dropout. He wants to find Dad, an ex-major-league shortstop and subsequent anarchist revolutionary. He wants to know if his dad took part in bombing a government building in the '60s that killed several people.

The two brothers team up, hit the road and end up hiding out in a roadside diner where the older falls in love with the owner, a sensitive woman whose psychopathic crazed-by-jealousy husband has just got out of jail. (Her husband's best friend who works at the diner is also in love with her.)

The younger brother also falls in love, with the mysterious Romanian model who also lives at the diner, and who is also his long-lost anarchist father's girlfriend.

Sounds more confusing than anything in life ever should? Well hey, I warned you it's about men. That is to say I mean it's about women of course. I mean... I mean... oh damn why do things always get so confusing?

I mean why is it that in all of Hal Hartley's films the men are seldom able to transcend adolescent relationships with women — or with the world for that matter? They are always caught up in their own little dreams and schemes, and they all try to fit women into their vision of the world.

Yet the women in Hartley's films always seem to be in a state of never-ending patience with men and their dreams and schemes and their attempts to fit women into their vision of the world.

While all this is going on — that is to say while men are looking for lost terrorist fathers, while men are on the run from double-crossing ex-girlfriends and gangsters, while

men plot anarchist revolution with their beautiful model girlfriends who their youngest sons lust for — while men do this women are left alone to carry on with the womanly stuff like raising children, running the store and seeing to it that the world will keep running as the men run around trying to understand their place in it.

The men in his films are all mechanically inclined, and view women as distant incomprehensible objects that will with any luck help them find a niche, or... become a man. The women are often independent, intelligent and self-supporting, but fall to their own unsatiable desire and need to possess man.

Men allow themselves at first to be seduced by women with the promise of finding a place in the world, won over by their own desire and need to be loved and nurtured. This the women give, so in the end it becomes a woman's world, with the men struggling and scheming, searching for lost father figures and fighting the need to be loved.

This is Hartley's film about men, and all Hartley's films are about men. This is Hartley's world. Is it yours?

That said, *Simple Men* is an entertaining and at times thought-provoking film.

It's at the Rialto starting tomorrow if you want to see it.

Dream Play has beautiful script and genuine understanding

THEATRE

A Dream Play • directed by Nicole Zylstra • Tuesday Night Café

BY RACHEL DITOR

Tuesday Night Café have done an admirable job with their presentation of Swedish playwright August Strindberg's *A Dream Play*.

Strindberg was a contemporary of Ibsen. He wrote nearly seventy plays and experimented with many different dramatic forms beginning with histories, then naturalism, and later more symbolic and surrealist works. Strindberg was also totally batty.

Unfortunately, one of the most notable characteristics of Strindberg's writings is his blatant sexism.

Fortunately, Nicole Zylstra and David Pluscauskas, the director and assistant director respectively of *A Dream Play*, have done an admirable job in editing out the misogyny.

They have also managed to reduce what could be a four hour drama down to a tight and entertaining hour and a half.

Normally I would think that if a person has to cut so much out of a script they should consider whether or not this is really a play they want to produce. But in this case, by removing much of Strindberg's skewed views on

sexual politics, the actual message of the play is uncovered and, lo and behold, it's really interesting!

A Dream Play is the story of Indra's daughter's descent to Earth. She comes to study the human condition — to find out why we all complain so much.

She travels the Earth meeting all kinds of people, all of them familiar to us in some way, dutifully taking notes and hearing their complaints.

This production is a wonderful balance between true tragedy and humour carried off with some very skilled ensemble work.

Sad and moving scenes, such as one where coal miners discuss their life and work, are contrasted with the hilarious recurring scene of the finacé who has been waiting seven years for his loved one to join him for dinner.

Also worth mentioning are the scenes at The University. The cast does a wonderful job at satirizing the heads of our fine learning establishments.

The script is beautiful. It presents a genuine understanding of human suffering, as well

as the opportunity to laugh at our seriousness and shortcomings.

Beyond this it even dares to offer us a solution to all our misery. The search for this answer provides much of the suspense of the play so I won't give it away but I will say that it is truly thought-provoking. You are likely to mull over this play for awhile.

The seating in the theatre has been removed, so the audience sits on carpets and giant pillows in the centre of the theatre. The action takes place all around you.

Slides of planets and galaxies, along with live music provide an extra layer of humour and atmosphere. Gabrielle Kemeny on

cello and Joyce Lau on violin provide pre-show music that, with the slides, immediately sets a dreamlike mood. Relax on a few pillows and, if you listen carefully you can learn the secret of everlasting peace and happiness — sort of.

A Dream Play will run at 20h from Wednesday to Saturday, this week and next, in Morris Hall Theatre (on the ground floor of the Islamic Studies Building), 3485 McTavish. Tickets are \$6., \$4 for students and seniors. Call 398-6600 for information and reservations.



Ken and Barbie dance in *Les Ouefs Rient Noir*

DANCE

Émergence • Espace Tangente

BY CHRISTINE VARGA

Romance is the theme of the most recent segment of Espace Tangente's current series of dance performances, entitled *Émergence*. The double bill features the compositions *Quand Vient la Fin* and *Les Ouefs Rient Noir*.

Émergence is a panorama of choreographic, theatrical, musical and visual creations, designed to promote the activities of newly-formed local dance companies.

The absurdity of *Les Ouefs Rient Noir* is implied by the title, which literally means "the

eggs laugh black".

Choreographed by Manon Oigny and inspired by Jean-Luc Godard's *Une femme est une femme*, *Les Ouefs* portrays the relationship between Nana and Paul, who are based on the characters of Barbie and Ken.

The performance shows how the notion of binding love is perverted in a relationship between the sexist male displaying

macho indifference and the objectified (and consenting) female.

Nana, in a candy-pink feather-trimmed pantsuit, wearing turquoise eyeshadow and cheap blonde-out-of-a-bottle hair, is trapped in a role in which her sole function is to please her mate.

Her plastic smile is permanently set on her rouge-smeared

face, though she sometimes pouts in a cutie way when Paul neglects her. Paul dominates the relationship in the master-servant mode.

When Nana attempts to express her grievances with her lover in a dance segment in which she runs around the stage in a display of fury, Paul labels her behaviour an ego trip.

The set, based on kitsch, recreates a Barbie doll house, with curtained areas to suggest the concealment of bedrooms. A large mirror at center stage faces the audience, in front of which sits a music box with a Barbie Doll rotating on top of it. On one side of the stage sits a large bottle of Pepsi-Cola and on the other lie dozens of randomly scattered coloured plastic eggs.

Les Ouef conveys the biased image of women held by men during the reemergence of important feminist issues in the '60s. The mirror reflects Barbie's vanity, a necessity due to society's insistence that it is her sexual allure by which she will be judged, not her talent or intellect.

In *Quand Vient la Fin*, Suzanne Lantagne's background in theatre and mime, and Silvy Grenier's musical talents combine in an intimate setting to

portray four separate stories about love.

Accompanied by Grenier's performances on simplistic tin percussion instruments, accordion and piano, as well as song, Lantagne's monologues about various past romances are imbued with sadness and joy, balanced by humorous interjections.

The most comical of these anecdotes is the piece entitled *Histoire Noire*, in which Lantagne recounts an affair with a man named King.

Perched on the piano stool which makes up part of the set, she dreamily recounts how King enticed her with his dancing, moving her to passion, only to shock her with his insistence on payment for his services.

Nonetheless she consents, only to be disappointed that his love-making did not equal his skills as a dancer. *C'est la vie*. She loses herself in the pleasure of her own dancing.

The dance in *Quand Vient la Fin* rarely goes beyond a simple waltz or dramatic gestures which accentuate the dialogue, but they add lightness and life to the recounting of the tales presented.

Émergence runs until the 29th of November. All performances in the series take place at L'Espace Tangente, at 840 Cherrier, at 20h30. For specific information about the various productions, phone 525-5584 or 525-1500.



War in Yugoslavia:

Making a pacifist want to fight



Sinisa Jurasic mulling over Yugoslavia

Countries are continually reacting and responding to their past, and the past usually includes the shocking and undefinable propensity human beings have to fight. Yugoslavia is at the moment embroiled in a war which has been catalysed by the break up of the USSR, but which reaches far back into their fractured past.

*then let men kill which cannot share,
let blood and flesh be mud and mire,
scheming imagine, passion willed,
freedom a drug that's bought and sold*
— e.e. cummings, 1940

Cummings wrote these lines in reaction to the Second World War, a war which is relatively recent in European terms but not so recent in North American history. Time is not the only disparity between North American and European views on war, location plays an enormous role in the perspectives of the two continents.

BY ANTONIA WHYATT

There hasn't been a war on North American soil in the twentieth century. This means that war is much more of an abstract notion for North Americans. No one's house, village or town has been shelled, no one's grandmother or sister has been involved (unless under their own volition) and the conflicts do not go back as far as those in Europe. The need for revenge is not so deep.

It is much easier to be a pacifist in Canada, where the threatening violence of war is not pertinent to the population on a physical but on a philosophical level.

This whole debate has been raised in my mind because of the incredible distancing I felt from the Yugoslavian war when I returned to McGill this semester. Even living in England, which is relatively far from Yugoslavia, I felt genuine shock when I heard

about the concentration camps, genuine horror that they were only a matter of a few hours flight away from me.

Yugoslavia is the most complicated interwar state, it makes no sense by virtually any relevant criterion. Its clashing religions, economic and legal systems and political traditions are disparate enough without the disunifying effects of the country's mountainous terrain which severely fractures communications.

One of my first weeks back I bumped into a Croatian Canadian friend of mine and was amazed to learn that he had spent much of his summer in Croatia. Even more astounding was the fact that he had almost stayed to fight. Sinisa Jurasic is a calm peaceful person, the last person in the world I had ever expected to go to war.

Why did you want to fight?

It is hard to say exactly, the realization took place on many levels for me. Last year, while I was in Canada I read an article in which the Serbs had captured a Croatian and were chanting, "we want meat, we want meat, we want Croatian meat."

My uncle was drafted, my grandmother lived in Croatia and everyone I knew appeared to be threatened by this type of brutality. When I returned there in the summer many of my friends had been enlisted and I felt like I should do something.

And your reaction was to join the army?

Serbia is the aggressor and Croatia is on the defensive, there was some instinct in me which felt the only way I could contribute anything was to stay behind and fight.

The war seemed to be coming closer and closer to me, until it reached the point where my father went to turn on his car and a policeman ran to stop him saying that he thought it was possible the car had a bomb connected to the ignition. He was right.

Why is there such a division between the Serbs and the Croats?

It is important to remember that 'Yugoslavia' has only existed as a concept since the break up of the Austro-Hungarian Empire after World War One.

Even on a physical, not to mention a cultural, level Serbs and Croats are obviously different. The Croats are taller and fairer, more Germanic, Roman Catholic. Serbs are darker, Greek Orthodox and have generally been less privileged in education and stature. This does not matter in the slightest to me but certainly appears to add to the ethnic tension.

Much of Serbia's action at the moment is economically motivated because Croatia and Slovenia are more westernized, they do well out of tourism and are industrialized. Also the Serbs have not forgotten the Second World War in which the Croats collaborated with the Nazis and killed 600 000 Serbs in concentration camps.

The history of dissolute religions and culture runs so far back into the region's history that it is almost impossible to understand why

Yugoslavia was created geographically. The only possible way to keep the peace was by a strong centralizing force such as communist Russia.

The area is a meeting point for the East and the West. European history and now North American history have shown how disparate these two cultures are.

How do you see your country's future?

At the moment peace doesn't seem at all possible. Just like the Northern Irish problem it appears the country is almost best left to devise its own future.

The war is shocking. Unlike the war in North America has been involved in, it is a *civilian* war. You have seen the news coverage, children are dying, my family and friends are now in uniform fighting against each other.

The hatred has been growing for centuries and as always history repeats itself. The Serbs are now treating the Croats as they were treated in the Second World War. There are reports that Serbs were putting wire through the Croats first three fingers so that they can only cross themselves as Greek Orthodoxes do, with three fingers instead of two.

What do you want North Americans to do if you feel that the Croats and Serbs are best left to sort out their problems amongst themselves?

I do not know if that is entirely what I want. I would like something to be done, the very least of which is I think that everyone has a responsibility to know what's going on.

Fourteen thousand people have been killed. I met an American girl in Vienna who didn't know where Croatia was, I encountered the same thing in Nova Scotia, a little further away mind you but it was still a year into the war.

It just seems to me that it is so easy over here to downplay what's happening. It is easy to want peace and refuse to accept the reality of a war (fought amongst civilians, not armies) when it is at such a distance both geographically and mentally from any situation in this continent's repertoire.

DAILY PHOTO BY TONY REVROY

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events highlight

Eco's Vermi-Composting Workshop will be held November 23rd at 18h30 in Union 302. Vermi-composters (worm bins) are easy-care systems for turning kitchen waste into rich humus. They can be used indoors all year. They should not smell when properly maintained, and escapee worms are not usually a problem.

The cost for a bin is \$10 to \$30, depending on the size of the composter. Workshop fee includes container, worms and instructions. Participants are encouraged to bring their own (reused) containers. Observers welcome! 284-5384 or 528-5640 for info.

events

Today

The McGill School of Architecture holds a trade fair which will showcase products and services available to architects, starting at 10h, first floor of the McDonald Harrington building, 815 Sherbrooke W. For more info, call 398-6700.

The Department of Epidemiology and Biostatistics presents Dr Tag Thelle of the Nordic School of Public Health, Gotenburg, speaking on "**Coffee Drinking, Blood Lipids and Heart Disease: Cause or Artifact.**" 1020 Pine Ave W, Purvis Hall, room 25 at 13h.

The McGill Italian Students Organization presents Fellini's "La Dolce Vita" at 14:30 in Bronfman 634. free for all members, \$1:00 for every one else.

Prof. John Galaty of McGill's Anthropology department will be speaking on "**Wildness of the Head-Dress**", "Red from the Raid": Maasai Expansion and the Poetics of Historical Narration and Explanation, at 16:30 in Leacock 738.

Walk Safe has a meeting today, all volunteers, new and old welcome. 18h in Leacock 132.

Dave Turner, Alto sax with the Alley House band tonite in The Alley. 21h30.

McGill Christian Fellowship holds group worship at 19h in the Presbyterian College. Info from Heather 937-8616.

The McGill Latin American Awareness Committee presents a coffee house with music and poetry from Mexico, Chile, Peru, Canada, with wine and food at 20h On 3715 Peel. Admission is \$3.

The Korean Society of McGill holds a pot luck dinner/meeting open to all at 18h in Leacock 232. Call 398 6814.

Friday

McGill Faculty of Religious Studies presents a demonstration of South Indian Classical Dance in the Birks Building Lobby 3520 University. To find out when, call Sacha at 362-1894.

The Black Coalition of Québec starts courses in Wordperfect for the community at large beginning today. For information, call 489-3830.

David Rodowick of Rochester University will be speaking on "**A Short History of Time, or Gille Deleuze's Time Machine**", at 14h in something called the GPC. Good luck, there ain't no number, so your guess as to where this is is as good as mine.

Paul. M. Sweezy of the Monthly Review speaks on Socialism or New World Odor at 17h in H-110 in 1455 DeMaisonneuve W. (the Hall Building).

Saturday

The International Relations Society holds an International Forum at 12h today in the Multicultural Lounge of the Onion (4th floor). The focus of the discussion will be neo-conservatism.

The American University of Beirut invites all alumni to a meeting at 15h at Concordia U, 1822 DeMaisonneuve W.

McGill Cricket Club awards nite will be held in Thompson House, 3650 McTavish at 18:00. Tickets \$5.00 for members, \$7.00 for non-members. Tickets available at 843-6366.

Sunday

There will be a **charity basketball game** between Gert's Staff and Walksafe for Walksafe at the Currie Gym at 14h. Info at 934-3927.

The Scrivener presents Sara O'Leary and Greg Hollinshead at 20h0 at 3650 McTavish, absolutely free.

11:38:05

classified ads

Ads may be placed through the Daily business office, Room B-17, Union Building, 9h00-14h00. Deadline is 14h00, two working days prior to publication. McGill Students (with valid ID): \$3.50 per day, 3 or more consecutive days, \$2.50 per day. McGill Employees (with staff card) \$4.50 per day, 3 or more consecutive days, \$3.50 per day. All others: \$5.00 per day, or \$4.00 per day for 3 or more consecutive days. (Prices do not include applicable GST or PST). For more information, please visit our office in person or call 398-6790 - **WE CANNOT TAKE CLASSIFIED ADS OVER THE PHONE.** The Daily assumes no financial responsibility for errors, or damage due to errors. Ad will re-appear free of charge upon request if information is incorrect due to our error. The Daily reserves the right not to print any classified ad.

2 - Movers/Storage

Moving/Storage. Closed van or truck. Local and long distance. Olt-Tar-Van-NY-Fla. 7 days 24 hours. Cheap. Steve 735-8148.

Moving Service Available. Alex 324-3794.

3 - Help Wanted

Male Type 1 Diabetics aged 18-36 wanted for research at McGill Nutrition Centre, Royal Victoria Hospital. Must be non-smoker, physically fit, free of hypertension, eye, kidney, heart or lung disease. Four visits required, including one overnight stay. Subjects who qualify and complete entire protocol receive **\$150.00**. Call Dr. Ron Sigal 843-1665, Mon.-Fri. 9-5.

Wanted: motivated, committed, hard-working individuals to run their own summer painting business. College Pro Painters still has excellent franchises available. Average net summer profit: \$10,000. 874-0352 9-5 pm.

UNLIMITED EARNINGS. Major long distance telecommunications company is seeking representatives to register residential and business customers who can save up to 60% on international long distance telephone calls. Work at your own pace and hours. Earnings Guaranteed. New representatives must speak a language other than French or English (for example Greek, Italian, Spanish, Polish, Arabic, etc.) call 276-9437.

5 - Typing Services

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6 - Services Offered

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Student vacation specials 1993 January/Spring Break everything included from: Cancun \$589 2 weeks \$699 Venezuela \$549 Daytona \$299. Group rates anywhere. Luc days 861-9090.

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7 - For Sale

SOFA FOR SALE. 4 seater sofa. Excellent condition. Light brown. Must sell - Best offer - 486-6694.

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11 - Lost & Found

Sounds Crazy, but if you/friend found a cat this July - Small, skinny, black & beige striped, green eyes, female, McGill ghetto - Please call 845-9577.

12 - Personal

Discussion Group - Organized by Students from families of Jewish and non-Jewish parents. Everyone welcome to explore, discuss in open, nonjudgemental environment. Call Hillel 845-9171.

All I want for my birthday is a Ben & Jerry's ice cream cake. Hint, hint, hint. For info call 286-6073. 1316 de Maisonneuve W.

13 - Lessons/Courses

"Law School Bound?" For information about a complete manual designed to guide you through every step of the law admissions process - Call 1-800-661-LSAT (5728).

14 - Notices

Auditions for a student film about contemporary pop culture. Today, 18h-21h in Arts 110.

Interfaith Dialogue: Students getting together to learn about and share perspectives on vital issues concerning their faith. First meeting Monday, Nov. 16th, 7:30 p.m. Registration Rev. Roberta Clare 398-4104. McGill Chaplaincy.

99¢ Chili. Vegetarian or meat, every Friday at Hillel, 3460 Stanley from 11:00am-2:00pm.

Afraid to walk the streets? Protect yourself! Self-defense spray incapacitates an attacker in 2 seconds. Jessie 598-9783.

LBGM Meeting!! Come one, come all! Thursday, November 12, 6:00 at 550 Sherbrooke W., Rm. 1170 to discuss dance, peer counselling, etc.

Confused or Curious? LBGM (Lesbians, Bisexuals, Gays of McGill) is restarting peer counselling. Anyone interested in finding out about LBGM or has questions about their sexuality is welcome to drop by room 417, Shalner or call 398-6822. Hours are during lunch and 7 to 10, Monday through Saturday.

16 - Musicians

Drummer, looking for rock band to join. Call Ziad 769-8743.

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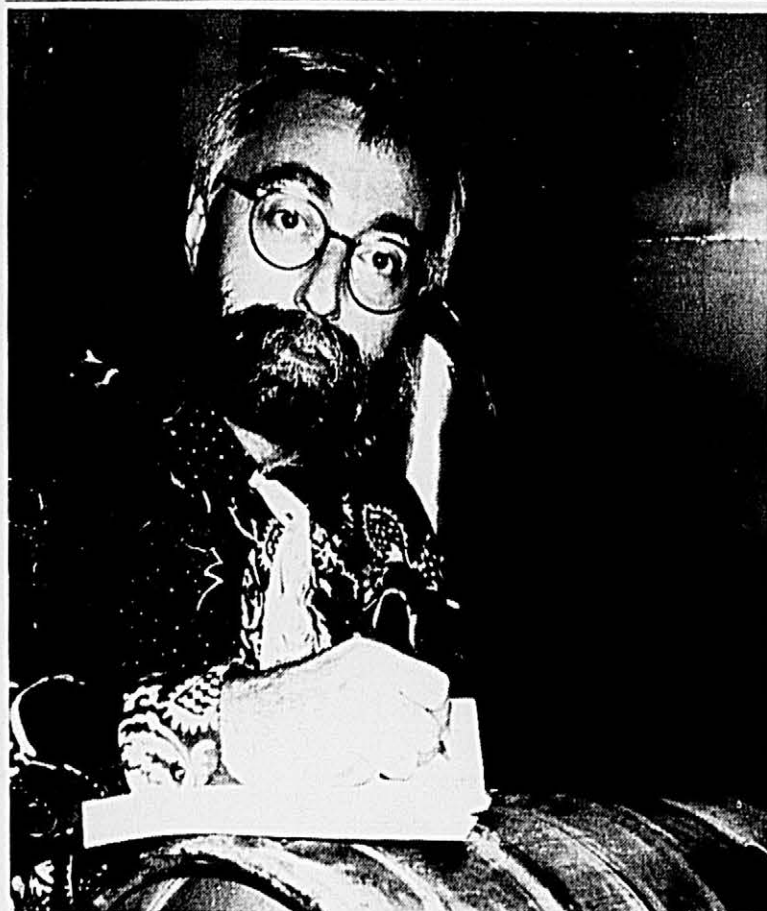
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BOOKS

Mercurial Doll: More than a week-long holiday

Mercurial Doll • by Miguel Lamiel • Pyro Press, 1992

BY STEPHANIE FLOUCAULT



Montréal author Miguel Lamiel signing his new book.

A FOUR-MONTH STAY IN THE Canary Islands five years ago changed things for Miguel Lamiel, a Montréaler since 1951. The experiences he had and the people he met there inspired in him a change of artistic medium.

"I felt I could not properly convey the depth of the characters I met in the Canaries visually," said Lamiel, a visual artist. *Mercurial Doll* is the result.

The loosely framed whodunit begins with the discovery of a body. This brief prologue is, in terms of style, perhaps the most well-crafted part of the book.

Lamiel lends originality to this necessary element of the mystery novel through his choice of discoverer. The body is found not by a policeman or a nosy neighbour, but rather by an insect.

In a recent telephone interview, Lamiel explained this twist as a result of his keen interest in film. "I wanted to lower the camera to ground level and change the point of view," he said.

Unfortunately, much of the rest of the book is less focused than this fine beginning. The tale of mystery is joined by a subplot of attempted self-discovery and a running theme of "nationalistic nostalgia," as Lamiel put it.

Despite their strong sense of identity and insistence on remaining distinct from the rest of Spain, Lamiel found the Canarians to be much more open "after they realized I was there for more than a week-long holiday."

Lamiel was touched by the

problem of the Canarians, whose main source of revenue is the tourist industry. "The people in the Canary Islands are very concerned with how tourism has changed the face of the landscape," said Lamiel.

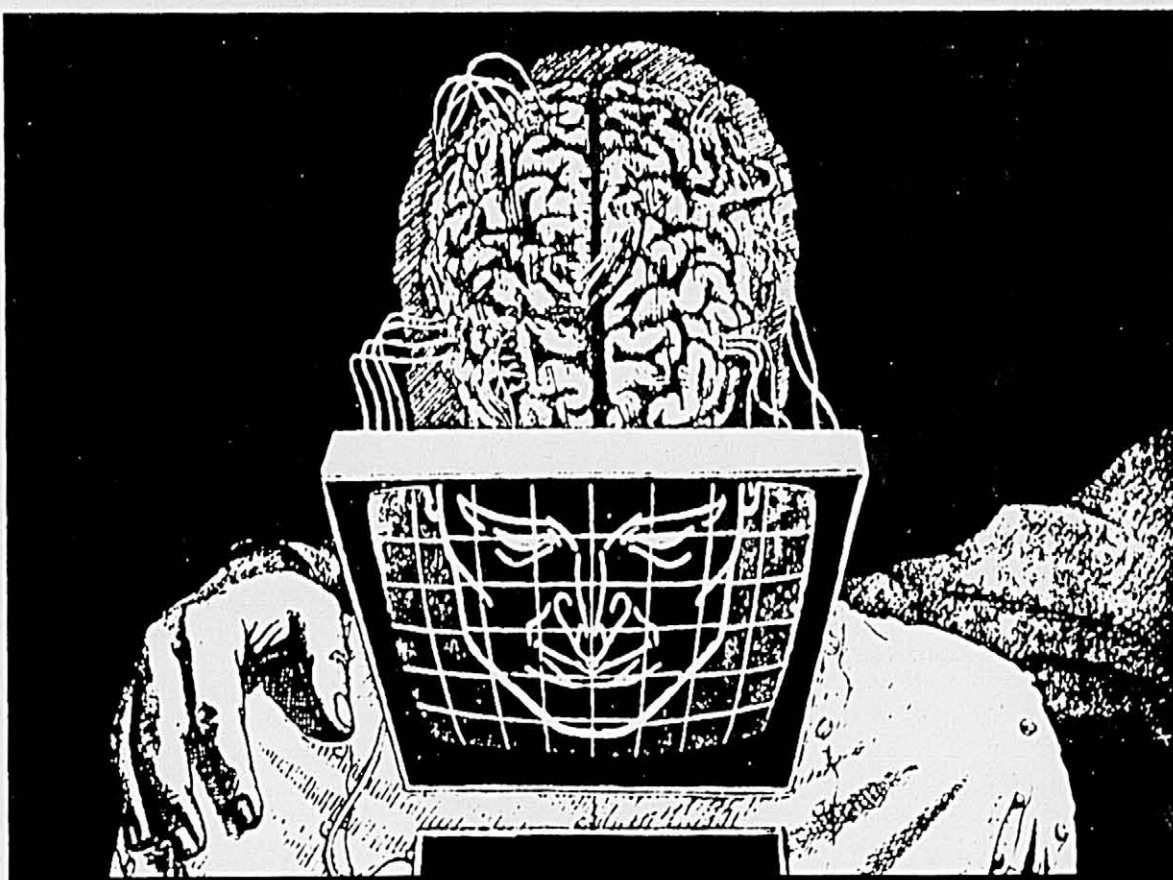
The growth of the tourist industry also raises questions about development. How much is enough? How much is too much? How can a small community retain its sense of individuality when forced to make itself a minority in order to survive economically? These are questions the author asks through his characters in the novel.

Mercurial Doll even contains an element of classical Greek tragedy, which adds to the hodge-podge nature of the book. Actually, this is one of its problems.

Although the major themes do surface throughout the work, they are often obscured by extraneous ideas and a rather forced style of writing. Some of this is relieved with humor, such as the culmination of a love scene in which "both quivered till kingdom come."

Overall, Miguel Lamiel has produced a promising first novel. The mystery plot is well constructed and he adds interesting details stemming from his interest in medieval history.

The problems of modern life which Lamiel chooses to tackle are valid, but they would have a stronger impact if explored through a more refined writing style.



Against Deconstruction trashes Derrida

BOOKS

Against Deconstruction • by John Martin Ellis • Princeton University Press, 1990

BY EMMANUEL C. BOURBOUHAKIS

"THERE IS FAR MORE GRUMBLING ABOUT deconstruction in the corridors of academic institutions than ever finds its way into print," notes John Martin Ellis, author of *Against Deconstruction*, a book designed to stir both sceptics and supporters of the most popular academic trend since Aquinas introduced Europe to the syllogism.

By any measure, this is an admirably thrifty book. Good criticism, Ellis implicitly reminds us, is not a feature of proportion, but of perspicuity. To underline this, he balances the book's strict economy of words with an extraordinary generosity of analysis.

No step of reasoning is left implied, and every important deconstructive tenet is meticulously unravelled to reveal the sheer emptiness of the rhetoric which cloaks it in a shroud of radicalism and complexity.

Oft-quoted buzz-words such as "logocentrism", "demystification", "desire", and "problematizing" are accurately exposed as vacuous slogans designed to rally support, rather than persuade or explain.

Despite their antagonism to deconstruction's wildly successful sweep of the humanities, few academics offer any meaningful resistance.

The reasons for this dearth of opposition, Ellis suggests, are multiple. They range from opponents' own lack of confidence to deconstruction's own rabid hostility to criticism, which usually takes the form of *ad hominem* attacks on the critic's motives, or, more predictably, questions the critic's understanding of deconstruction.

Ellis meets all such criticisms head on, making quick work of them and thereby overcoming what may be deconstruction's only potent defense: its ability to intimidate.

Ellis' own unassailable defense is that he can by no means be considered a diletante when it comes to deconstructive thinking. All the same, he protects himself from the charge of having distorted deconstruction by invoking the unimpeachable authority of some of deconstruction's most respected advocates.

One by one, these cardinals of the deconstructive faith are asked to outline their seemingly complex, and often contradictory, positions.

Of course, no critical review of deconstruction would be complete without prodigious citations from the godfather of the movement himself, Jacques Derrida, who is shown up here for the often embarrassingly inadequate thinker he is.

Shorn of its rhetorical habits, Ellis argues, deconstruction is left either iterating the commonplace, or unforgivably misstating the well known.

Nowhere is this more obvious than in the matter of language, about which Derrida and deconstructionists have much to say.

But in examining deconstruction's positions on such matters as signs, referents, and writing, Ellis shows that Derrida and his followers have failed to grasp even the most elementary concepts of modern language theory.

But Ellis' goal is not simply to crucify deconstruction. He is also greatly concerned with dispelling the misconceptions surrounding such important issues as language, meaning, logical cogency, critical inquiry and truth.

Ellis believes that the misunderstanding of these categories has allowed deconstruction to march unimpeded into the academy and dazzle professors and students alike. And while the details of Ellis' argument cannot be adequately summed up here, two highly significant observations he makes, deserve mention.

Contrary to its claims of being radically innovative and congenial to theory, deconstruction, Ellis argues, precludes both innovation and theorizing. It is virulently authoritarian and dogmatic, while simultaneously refusing to engage in the difficult theoretical work of justifying its positions.

Adherents of deconstruction, thus find themselves in the ironic position of chastizing those who do not follow the party line on plurality of interpretation.

But deconstruction, if we believe Ellis, has never been about innovation or plurality. It is, instead, a doctrinaire approach to literary criticism which perniciously ignores its obligation to prove its worth.

Ellis meets all such criticisms head on, making quick work of them and thereby overcoming what may be deconstruction's only potent defense: its ability to intimidate.